

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, September 2. 1707.

FOR these two or three Papers, my Observations on Publick Affairs will be shorter than I design'd them, being forc'd to divert these Matters for an Affair of no less moment at Home— But I shall not make a long Work of it.

I am told there is sad and lamentable News lately come from Abroad, which may in some Measure lessen the Joy, we are conceiving the Success of *Naples*, or *Toulon*, and what is this but that the King of *S . . .*, the great Gothick Hero, that was to pull down the Emperor and the Pope, and do a World of strange things, is like to be satisfied with the Compliances of the Emperor, and we are to have no War commenc'd there, to confound the Confederacy in defence of the Protestant Religion; this is sad News indeed, we have had the Emperor's Politicks call'd in question upon several occasions, and

there has been ground enough for it; I must own, but I cannot but acknowledge, that in this he has acted right Politickly to stop every gap, and rather yield to him that seeks occasions against him at such a juncture as this, and in my Sense I confess very Dishonourably, rather than to slacken his Hands in the Confederacy, and lose the Honour of having a Hand in giving France a Mortal Killing Stab in the very Vitals, which it must be impossible she can ever recover.

This is certainly a surprise to some People, and if true, will greatly defeat, not the French only, but all those Chagrin People, that are for Deposing every King or Emperor, that does not do as they should do, or rather as they would have them do.

And now his . . . Majesty, may, perhaps

haps find time, to rescue *Poland* out of the hands of the *Muscovites* if he can—*I ought to say*, or rather, *which I should think to be as commendable too*, and as like a *Hero*, he may go and recover *Livonia*, and deliver his own poor Subjects, abandon'd there to the Tyranny of the *Czar*, while their natural King and Protector was so busie, pushing his Glory in *Poland* against King *Augustus*, that he could not, or did not, *which in some Sence is much as one*, think fit to find while, or find Forces to defend them.

If this be to be a *Hero*— If this be to make a King Great and Terrible in the World, *God Almighty* grant, *England* may never be Govern'd by *Heroes*; the *QUEEN*, who is as Great in the Sence of the whole World, as any Monarch now in the World, and as much Superiour to him, as he is to King *Augustus*, has obtain'd her Glory by, first Protecting the Liberty, Trade, and Religion of her own Subjects, and putting that into a flourishing Condition, and then pushing on at the General Liberty of *Europe*—And all Princes who were truly Great, always made this their Rule.

But of that by the way; if this Accommodation go on, as we are told 'tis very much hop'd it will; the Emperor I hope, will be soon able to look towards the *Rhine* a little, and perhaps the *French* may in their turn receive a Check there too—And the recalling Prince *Eugene*, a thing I confess I apprehended; will Vanish out of our Heads again.

And now I want exceedingly to hear, how his most Christian Majesty receives the Tidings of the Affair of *Thoulon*— I look on that Place as lost, and I believe all the Power of *France*, at least, all she is able to bring together in time, will not be able to divert that Blow.

If *France* stands that Blow, she must have some *Magick* in her Constitution, that the

World never saw before, she must be built on Foundations that Humane Power cannot undermine, and it must be impossible to shake her—It is true, the Loss consists chiefly in her Marine Affairs, of which she has at present no immediate use, and the real weakening to her Land Force is not extraordinary— But there are so many concurring Effects in a Conquest of that Consequence, that it must strike the Monarch like a Clap of Thunder, and it cannot be that he can resist it—It cannot be that he can bear it— I am speaking only my Conjectures, a New-Paper of tells us, that if *Thoulon* be taken, it will be 500 Millions Loss to the King of *France*— I don't say, I believe the Guess, but I do say 'tis the greatest Prize that ever was taken at once in the World, since the taking the City of *Carthage*, by *Scipio Africanus*.

The Gentlemen that are ill pleas'd with the Success of the Allies in *France*, and who begin now to think they will carry *Thoulon*, comfort themselves now with this, that the *Mareschal De Thesse* will draw all his Forces together, and encamp under the Cannon of *Thoulon*, and in that Case they flatter themselves, the *Imperialists* cannot Form the Siege of the Place.

To this I can say little, but this I am perswaded, if he does, Prince *Eugene* will Attack him even in his strongest Entrenchments; and on the other hand, if not, I am perswaded, that having no notice of this Design, and not having erected sufficient Magazines to sustain himself there, he will be wiser than to suffer 6000 Horse to be so Coupt up as to be ruin'd, or to fall into the Enemies Hands; nor can it be thought, being in no condition to Fight, he can keep the Country open behind him. But a little Patience will explain all this.

MISCELLANEA.

I Have for a long time, patiently born with the Scurrilous Prints and Scandalous Reproaches of the Street, concerning my

being in *Scotland*—To Day I am sent thither by one Party, to Morrow by another; this time by one particular Person, that by a Body

Body of People ; one one way, one another ; and I have long waited to see, if out of innumerable Guesses they would at last make the Discovery of the true, and to me melancholy Reason, of setting my self in a remote corner of the World, which if they had done, I should no question have ben insulted enough upon that Head.

But since their Guesses have too much Party-Malice in them to be right—tho' there are 5 or 6 Persons in London, who cannot only give them a true Account of my Removal, but recall me from this Banishment, if they had humanity in them, a Degree less than an *African* Lion, I therefore cannot but take up a little room in these Papers about my own Case, not that I shall enter at all into those Particulars, which perhaps might be thought too mean, to move the Compassion of the Reader, I seek it not ; there are two sorts of People out of the reach of the World, those that are *above* it, and those that are *below* it, and they may be equally happy for ought I know ; of the last sort I reckon my self one, and declare, that as I am below their Envy, so I seek not their Pity ; I am, I bless GOD, secur'd in my Retreat from their Fury, and am fully reveng'd of the World, by contemning all the Contempt it can throw upon me.

But I come to the Censures of the World—*An under-Spur Leather*, says one angry and raging Creature—*Sent down into Scotland to make the UNION*—*Sent down to write for the UNION*, will not the *Voyage* of the Union bear to send the Review into Scotland, &c. and the like ; *Angry Man* ! Not purely that I am employ'd, as he calls it, but that he is not.

But beyond this behold two new ones—One who is pleas'd to bestow Threatning Language, gives me his Compliment as follows.

REVIEW,

YOUR Canting and Pleading for the Union loses all its Virtue, in the just Reproaches you lie under, of being a hired Mercenary, sent down to Scotland by the Court, and Directed there to write for your Pay ; and like a mizer Piece of Clock-work, strike as the Hand that points to you, and as the Weight of Reward is screw'd up, you have been told this by a noble Lord long ago, and by several of your Wretched Brethren, the Scriblers of

the Town—*Expect not therefore any regard to what you say, for 'tis all Lyes, Forgeries, and Counterfeit; your Design is to exflame and Ruine the Church of GOD and the Nation ; and therefore Impudent Scribler bold thy Tongue, or expect not long to have a Tongue to Blaspheme thy Superiours.*

Excellent stuff this is indeed ! and sufficiently answers it self ; but this is not all, I have with all this, Mr. *Rebearsal* on my back also—And he has got me a new Commission from the *Presbyterians* ; I hope in a few Days I may have it down by the Post, with Directions where to go or send for my Salary ; for it cannot but be very wellcome at this distance, I assure him on several Accounts : Speaking of a Book call'd *The Short View*, lately publish'd by me, &c. a Book I doubt not to defend against him and all the World,

He says, it is wrote by a Remarkable Agent of the Presbyterians in England, who has long been employ'd BY THEM, as their Publick Vindicator here, which he still continues : And he WAS SENT Down BY THEM the last Winter into Scotland, to manage their Concern as to the Union there ; where he staid a long time, and performs the Part of their Vindicator, to their Brethren in Scotland. Rebearsal, No. 226.

How now shall I do to Reconcile these three Gentlemen ; one says, *I am sent by particular Persons*, another by the Court, who he means by that is not determin'd ; and the Third by the *Presbyterians*—I wish it had been first true, I was sent by any Body, for the Work is so Just, so Good, and so Honourable, I would neither have been ashamed of the Message nor the Sender—But I think the same Answer would be very fit to give to these Carping Querulous Gentlemen, as honest *Samuel Colvill*, the Famous *Scottish Hudibras* gave, when he was complaining of the Abuses of those that Rail'd on him about his Poetry.

They say says, he, that I am a bad Poet, but I Answer in few Words : That's true, and yet they are LYARS, because they aver it in Malice, not knowing whether it be true or false. Preface to the Whiggs Supplicat. P. 6.

Now, Gentlemen, tho' it were true, that I were sent by this or that Man, Body of Men, Court, Presbyterians, or any Body, yet

you may find your Characters in Sam. Colwill, for none of you know whether it be true or false, and that I am positive in.

But since you have been so very free with me, about my being *sent*, let me tell you and all the World something, in which I am perswaded you will be on my side; if I have been sent hither as you say, I have been most barbarously treated; the Scriptures says, *no Man goes a Warfare on his own Expence*, and I profess Solemnly, I have not yet had one Penny of my Wages, nor the least Consideration for my Time spent in this Service; nor had I had the good Fortune to have my Brains knock'd out in the *High-Flying* Mobs here; when the Name of an *Englishman* imply'd one that was for the *UNION*, and that a Man Dangerous to that Party, for *Union was ever fatal to them*; I say, had this happen'd, I see no Prospect of having been Canoniz'd as a Martyr for the Cause, or having Red Letters bestow'd on my Memory in the *Presbyterian Calendar*, but the utmost I could have expected, had been what I have met with before in a like Case; *What business had he with is? What had he to do there? Who sent him, and the like?*

And is not this hard now, Gentlemen *Presbyterians*, that I should have the Testimony of your Enemies that I have been serviceable to your Cause, and none from your selves? Pray consider of it, and either Discharge your selves Honourably to your poor Missionary here in the North, or let these Fellows know, they are a Gang of *Lyars*, and you know nothing of the Matter.

If the *Observer* will Pardon me, quoting my self as *he calls it*, I will venture to repeat a few Lines, which had their Date in a certain Mansion-House near the *Old Bailey*, on the like occasion, when I suffer'd like Calumnies about the Dissenters, paying Fines, Charges, &c. for me.

*Thus like old Strephon's Virtuous Miss,
who foolishly too Coy
Dy'd with the Scandal of a Whore
and never knew the Foy;
So I by Whiggs abandon'd, bear
The Satyrs unjust lash,
Die with the Scandal of their Help
but never saw their Cash.*

Indeed, it is very hard, and I hope the *Presbyterians* will consider of it, that I

should have been sent down by them, either to manage their Affairs so long ago, and long before employ'd by them, as their *Publick Vindicator* in England, and have not yet receiv'd one Farthing Salary; I think they have done me a great deal of Wrong, and 'tis but small Encouragement to any body to enter into their Service again.

But now after all, to leave jesting with this Story—I would desire of Mr. *Rebearsal*, in order to preserve the common decency of good Language with him, and to Argue like Gentlemen, a Thing which by former *Capitulation* he has promis'd; I would desire him to prove things as he goes along, and that I may take him in order, for I doubt not to give a full Answer to all his Objections, upon the Book, call'd the *Short View*; I say, to take things as he goes on, and to give a Reason why what follows should be believ'd—I fairly Challenge him to prove one Tittle of what he positively affirms, and begins with, *viz. That I have been employ'd in England, or sent into Scotland by the Presbyterians.*

If he cannot do this, all the *Fabrick* of his Florid Story falls to the Ground, as built on a Foundation that is False and Supposititious—His Reputation also as an Author, must sink in the Eyes of all good Men; nay, even his Cause must suffer by it, as wanting a Refuge of . . . to help it out—And to let him know, that to help him in this Case, and in Charity to him, I'll be content with but a very slight Proof.

Let him but tell the World one *Presbyterian*, or pretended *Presbyterian* in Britain, from whom I receiv'd the least Encouragement, to come hither, or the least Reward for coming, or from whom, either in his own Name, or in the Name of any other *Presbyterian*, I had the least Direction to come Northward, or with whom I have so much as Corresponded since I came from England; in short, let him take his own Words in any Positive Sence, which by the fairest Construction in the World they will bear; as to my being employ'd in England, or sent hither by the *Presbyterians*, or *Dissenters* in general, and make but the least Testimony that he spake from good Ground—And I'll give up the Cause—if not, let the World Judge, to what purpose I should enter a Debate with a Man, who will venture on such Ungentleman, Unchristian, and Dishonourable a thing, as to Charge a Man positively with no Proof of the Fact.